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WARREN:

TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE THE PROTECTION

WHICH THE

FEDERAL UNION

EXTENDS TO THE CITIZENS OF  
MASSACHUSETTS.

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BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY BELA MARSH, 20 CORNHILL.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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Joseph Warren, *A free citizen of the State of Massachusetts.*

John Cataline Calhoun, George Mc Duffee, Col. Hayne, Col.

Pinckney, J. Seiver, Esq., *Distinguished citizens of the State of South Carolina.*

Morgan Lunt, *Keeper of the Prison, in Charleston, S. C.*

Arnold Winthrop, *Justice of the Peace, in Charleston, S. C.*

Mammon & Letcher, *Auctioneers in Charleston, S. C.*

Col. Waugh, Esq. Perkins, Mr. Somers, Col. Perkins, Mr. Rankin,

Mr. Hallett, Maj. Bliss, Esq. Witherspoon, Col. Hamilton,

Gen. Sumpter, Maj. Sumpter, Rev. Judas Smythe, D.D.,

*Slave buyers at the Auction.*

1st Citizen; 2d Citizen; 3d Citizen; 4th Citizen.

Sampsy, Billy, Bob, *Slaves.*

Dawson, Peterson, *Overseers for Dr. Smythe.*

Dea. Souldriver, *A Trader in Slaves.*

Officers, Turnkey, &c.

Warren's Wife and Children, *As shadowy forms in a dream.*



# W A R R E N :

## A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

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### ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A street in Charleston, S. C., Calhoun, Mc Duffee, and Col. Hayne walking very slowly in earnest conversation together.*

*Calhoun.* The law, having received the Governor's signature, is now in full force, and it ought to be faithfully and immediately put into execution. The utmost vigilance is demanded. No infraction of it however slight should be passed by unnoticed. Not only the peace and safety of the city, but the permanency of our most cherished institution depends upon its faithful execution.

*Mc Duffee.* And on the permanency of this hallowed institution depend at once the stability of the most majestic government ever framed by human wisdom, (for 'tis the very corner-stone of this Republic), and the holiest faith ever vouchsafed by God to man. It must be held sacred above all things else. Life, and treasure, and wisdom must be freely offered upon the altar of its

safety. He who withholds his life, his fortune, or his wisdom, to shield it from danger is a traitor to God and his country.

*Hayne.* Threatening clouds of Abolitionism are even now stretching themselves along our Eastern borders, and must be scattered. That fatal viper warming in our bosom must be crushed before it gives us the death sting. The time has come for prompt and vigorous action. We are false to our trust if we longer remain idle.

*Calhoun.* From the very first I've known and watched that dangerous movement. I understand its origin, its aim, its end. We must assail and quite destroy it, or, in its fanatical madness, it will work our ruin. (A negro seen on the opposite side of the street.)

*Mc Duffee.* What boy's that? 'Tis past the hour for slaves to be abroad.

*Hayne.* He violates the law and must be looked after. Boy! hallo! there boy!

*Mc Duffee.* Damn his impertinence! That's a free scamp, and shall be made to feel the law's utmost rigor. (Runs and seizes him by the collar.) Boy, why don't you answer when spoken to? Gentlemen, we can just hand him over to Justice Winthrop, whose office is hard by.

*Warren.* Gentlemen, your conduct is wholly unaccountable to me. What do you lay to my charge? I did, indeed, hear some one calling after a boy, but never once dreamed that such a term could be applied to one whose head is nearly white with the frost of age. I am from Massachusetts, am here on lawful and honorable

business; and am not aware of having violated any law or regulation of South Carolina.

*Mc Duffee.* Well boy! just follow us, and you shall soon learn the law, and feel the penalty of its violation.

*Warren.* I feel conscious of innocence, and therefore shall make no objection to appear before the officers of the law. (Walk on.)

SCENE 2.—A *Justice's Office*, *Justice Winthrop*, *Clerk*, *Officers*, &c. *Enter Calhoun*, *Mc Duffee* and *Hayne*, followed by *Warren*.

*Mc Duffee.* We found this boy abroad contrary to law; and here present him at your honor's bar, to be dealt with accordingly. Let no detriment or danger come to our goodly city or noble state by such stragglers; but see that our righteous laws are faithfully executed.

*Magistrate Winthrop.* Most honored sirs, be assured that no known infraction of our wholesome laws, (and especially the one recently enacted,) shall ever pass unnoticed. Better by far that a score of such straggling vagabonds should perish, than, that the least danger should come near our fair city, and most glorious state of South Carolina. The blessings of all the people rest upon you, gentlemen, for this fresh token of your zealous care for the public good. I thank you, gentlemen, in their name; and give you assurance, that my diligence shall be no less than yours to guard in safety our domestic rights and institutions. (Calhoun, Mc Duffee and Hayne, retire.)

Well boy, we are now prepared to learn what we may from you. Who is your master? Where are you from? And why are you here contrary to the laws of South Carolina? Speak, boy, and speak truly on your peril.

*Warren.* I am, your Honor, from the State of Massachusetts, a free born citizen of that State; and never was a slave. I am here, as I have been before, upon honorable traffic with your people. I knew not till this evening, that any law of the city of Charleston, or state of S. C. was violated by my presence in your city. I wish ever to demean myself peaceably in whatever place I reside, and if permitted to pass at this time, I will give satisfactory guarantees not to give you further trouble.

*Winthrop.* Well, cuffee, you talk large. I must inform you, however, that all woolly headed boys are here presumed slaves. Free blacks from other States are forbidden to come within the borders of South Carolina at all. Under this law you stand committed. If you can obtain any responsible white man, who will give bonds in a sufficient sum to take you immediately out of the State, and pay the expenses of your imprisonment you will be discharged. Otherwise, the law provides, that you shall be sold at public auction to satisfy the just claims of the state for the expense of your arrest and commitment. Officers, take the boy to prison. Apprise Lunt of the nature of the case, and instruct him to wait the order of the Court. (Officers take Warren away.)

SCENE 3.—*The Prison. Arrival of Warren with Officers Lunt and Turnkey.*

*1st Officer.* Come, come, Lunt, here is more business for you.

*Lunt.* (Morosely.) Damn your nigger business. I wish the whole accursed race were exterminated.

*2d Officer.* Come, there, old fellow, no growling. We have brought you a rare boy, who says he was born in Massachusetts; but the court decides that he must remain in your custody till you receive further orders.

*3d Officer.* Some of the first men in the state are the complainants in the case, and you're expected to use your vigilance, that the new law may be fairly tested.

*Lunt.* Turnkey, here, show the gentleman from Massachusetts into parlor No. 4, in the basement; and see to it, you scurvy scoundrel, that he has all those little attentions shown him which are fit for gentlemen occupying that set of rooms. Say, turnkey! d'ye hear?

*Turnkey.* Ay, ay, Sir, I'll quick be following your commands.

*Officers all.* Ha! ha! ha! ha!

*1st Officer.* Well, well, Lunt, you seem to understand your business. The state may well trust offenders in your care.

*2d Officer.* Yes, aw damme, and a little extra etiquette don't seem to come amiss neither, to Lunt.

*3d Officer.* Yes, yes, all's right,—let's be off. (They depart.) (The turnkey thrusts Warren into the cell and bolts the door.)



*Warren.* (Through the plate hole in the cell.) My friend, this seems indeed hard. Here I am shut up in a dark cell, away from all friends, and yet required to find some white person to be bound for me on the pain of being sold into perpetual slavery,—bring me, I entreat you, some ink and paper, that I may do what in me lies to deliver myself from this perilous situation. (Hands the turnkey money.)

*Turnkey.* 'Tisn't common for sich boys as ye to ax for ink, or know the use on't; but as ye give me money I'll do what I can for ye. (Puts one dollar in his pocket, and goes to Lunt with the other.) Here's a dollar that air boy handed me, and axt me to get him some ink and paper.

*Lunt.* (Pocketing the money.) Eh! he wants paper, does he? Carry him whatever he wants in this line. (Aside.) It may lead to some facts, which will in no wise injure my fortune to be in possession of.

SCENE 4.—*Warren alone in his cell.*

*Warren.* This is indeed a most strange proceeding; and, from the men who are the first movers in it, most ominous of evil to myself. That so unjust a law should have a place in any statute book in this nation, is only accounted for from the fact that slavery, foul, abominable slavery reigns triumphant here. By the grating of the bolts some one approaches. (The turnkey hands him the paper and ink.) I am greatly obliged to you, my friend; and you will oblige me farther by coming, in an hour, to take my letters to the Post Office.

SCENE 5.—*A room in a spacious hotel, where Calhoun and some half a dozen friends are holding counsel about the danger of the times, and what is to be done.*

*Calhoun.* I have marked attentively, gentlemen, that gathering cloud since first it showed its livid form in the Eastern sky. It began in meanness, was nurtured long in the obscurest places, and by the obscurest persons; but being of such a nature as it is, it cannot be mooted at all by whomsoever done, without bringing to its support better men; and at last the sympathies of the multitude will be aroused upon it, and then all is lost. There are but two things which will save us. One we have in the recently enacted law, by the operation of which, free blacks will be entirely cleared from the state. We must in addition to this cut off one or more of the fanatical leaders in this vile plot. That canting vagabond, Garrison, must be secured. It isn't fit that the earth should longer be cursed with such a wretch. Our Northern friends have done all that we can expect of them to stop this agitation,—a set of doughfaced traitors at the best,—but dragging him through the streets of Boston with a halter on, does not do the work. The halter must be *drawn*, gentlemen, drawn *tight enough* to stop his *prating*. Let a reward befitting South Carolina and the cause (now in imminent peril) be offered for his head. Other states will, doubtless, follow the good example, and some patriotic citizens will soon be found to execute this act of sacred justice.

*Mc Duffee.* Perish the infuriated wretch! His days

are numbered, we must act with the utmost promptitude. (A knocking at the door,—Lunt is ushered in.)

*Lunt.* Most honored Sirs; the great peril of the state, as I conceive, must be my excuse for this intrusion on your notice. A boy committed to my custody by Justice Winthrop to-night, professing to be free, asked for ink and paper. I furnished what he desired, thinking that we might thereby the better learn his secrets; and here are two letters from him, directed to persons in Massachusetts, whose names have been much in the prints of late, for your inspection.

*Calhoun.* (Taking the letters.) You deserve well of the city, and Commonwealth, Mr. Lunt, for your care of their interests. You shall not be a loser for this care. Let the boy have what materials for writing he may wish, and bring his letters directly to me until further advised. (Lunt retires.)

*Calhoun.* (Holding the letters in his hand and reading the superscription.) Well, gentlemen, it may be, that we shall come to some clue how best we may defend our rights by this boy. One of these letters is addressed to Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, Massachusetts; and the other to Hon. John Quincy Adams, of Quincy, Mass. So it seems that this chap is in the secrets of these men,—perhaps an emissary for insurrection in our midst. (Several voices call for the reading of the letters.) Here follows, gentlemen, the letter to Wm. L. Garrison.

*Charleston Jail.*

Dear Garrison, Should I have the good fortune of getting this letter into your hand, you will be surprised to learn that my life is in the utmost peril. I say my

*life*, because I can not be a slave. I was born free, I have known a higher liberty than what passes commonly by that name; and neither life nor death, neither principalities nor powers shall deprive my *soul* of this freedom. My body and its life are at the disposal of man's deadliest foes,—the advocates and upholders of human slavery. Thanks to God, they have no power beyond the torturing or killing of the body. I am now in Charleston Jail. I stand committed under a law recently enacted, having for its design the utter shutting out from this state of all free persons of African descent. I must find a friend, a *white man*, who will become surety to the state that I will leave it immediately, and pay the charges of my commitment and expenses in prison; and failing to do this, I shall, in due time, be sold into perpetual bondage to satisfy these demands of the state for my arrest and confinement.

I was not arrested by the common Police, but by no less distinguished men than Calhoun, Mc Duffee, and Hayne, who came across me as I was walking in one of the principal streets of the city; cited me before a magistrate, entered their complaint, and left me to the mercy of the law. If this letter fails, or miscarries, (which I much fear me it will,) in due time I shall be sold at public auction as a slave! O horrible fate! *I can not for one moment be a slave!* Should this letter reach you, I know you will be prompt in my rescue. In company with this I have sent a letter to the Hon. John Quincy Adams, as a fit person to help me in this extremity. Let my family know of my situation. Poor Aurelia! God defend her and her little ones! I know

not whether I shall ever again be permitted to be their comfort and support. But whatever betides me, I can not be a slave.

Your sincere and distressed friend,

JOSEPH WARREN.

A rare boy this. Now gentlemen for the letter to the Hon. John Quincy Adams :

*Charleston Jail, S. C.*

Hon. John Quincy Adams, my dear Sir, though I am personally unknown to you, the noble interest which you have taken for the protection of the liberties of the humblest American citizens, induces me to take the liberty of addressing you in my present distress. I am a native born citizen of Charlestown, Mass., where my wife and six children are at this time. I came to this city for trade, as I have done several times before; and was arrested under a law, recently enacted, of which I was ignorant, designed to rid the state of all free persons of African descent. I am now in prison, and required to find some responsible white person to be my security in the payment of the costs of commitment and imprisonment; and failing to do this, I shall in due time be sold at public auction into perpetual slavery, to answer these demands of the state. Such person must also be responsible for my immediate departure from the state of S. C. I refer you to the authorities of Charlestown for confirmation of my character, and also to Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, from whom you will learn more of me and my present situation. Being

entirely confident that should this letter reach you, you will take prompt measures for my rescue, (as indeed such alone will serve,) I subscribe myself,

In much solicitude, my dear Sir,

Your humble servant,

JOSEPH WARREN.

Well, what think you, gentlemen, of these developments?

*Mc Duffee.* I think them ample evidence to warrant immediate proceedings against the fellow as an emissary of Northern fanatics, to stir up insurrection in our midst. Let him be hung forthwith. (A number of voices.) Yes, let him be sent immediately to execution.

*Calhoun.* We must all perceive, gentlemen, that the boy richly deserves the halter, but we want through him to get hold of those more deserving still of its wholesome offices; and this boy may yet be of some use to us in the attainment of an end so desirable. Let the boy have free facilities for communicating with his friends, that we may learn somewhat of their designs. Let a thousand dollars be offered for Garrison's delivery here dead or alive. Other states will, doubtless, follow the noble example; and soon we'll have him. But the position in the nation which that old hoary headed traitor Adams holds, makes it injudicious to set a *public* price upon his head. Trusty men must be found in our midst, who will undertake to see that he does us no more mischief. Now then let our excellent law take its course with the boy. There is to be a large sale of slaves about Christmas, at which he may be disposed

of; and falling into proper hands all future danger from him will be avoided. Should he be executed privately, or publicly, the fact would get into the newspapers, and his death used against us. But the quiet operation of the law authorizing his sale, will put him into a safe place without the possibility of his employers ever knowing what has become of him. What say you gentlemen, to this plan?

(*Many voices.*) Let it be executed.

*Calhoun.* How shall it be done?

*Col. Pinckney.* I move you, gentlemen, that the Hon. John C. Calhoun, the Hon. George Mc Duffee, and Col. Hayne, be a committee to attend to the proper execution of this whole plan; and that they be authorized to draw upon the treasury for such sums as are needful for the immediate execution of the same.

*Mr. Leiner.* I second the motion of the Hon. gentlemen.

*Calhoun.* Gentlemen, you hear the motion. As many of you as are in favor of this disposition of the matter in hand, will please signify it by saying aye.

(All respond aye.) It is a unanimous vote. And, surely, no worthy son of South Carolina could shrink from the duty imposed upon him in this extremity, however arduous or difficult of execution.

*Col. Hayne.* I move an adjournment for one week.

*Col. Pinckney.* Second the motion.

*Calhoun.* As many as are in favor of this motion signify it. (All say aye, and depart.)

## A C T I I.

SCENE 1.—*In the bar-room of a hotel in Charleston, S. C., several citizens drinking and talking about a sale of slaves.*

*1st Citizen.* Come, gentlemen, let us have a little mint before we go to the sale.

*2d Citizen.* Yes, aw! a little mint is always in order—aw, damme, yes, a little mint.

*3d Citizen.* There is to be a fine chance for all sorts of purchasers to-day, gentlemen.

*4th Citizen.* So I've heern. Aw! damme, Colonel, just read the advertisement—you're good at reading.

*Colonel.* (Reading.) Will be sold at public auction, and without reserve, at the stand of Mammon and Letcher, on Thursday, the 22d of Dec., the following lots of slaves—terms cash.

One lot of 35, consisting of two boys and three girls, rising of sixty years old. There are 22 boys and girls between twenty and sixty, and 8 under twenty. This lot will be sold together to accommodate the conscience of the present owner, who will not permit any separation of families.

*2d Citizen.* Yes, aw! damme, here's my chance. I'll buy them in a lump to suit his conscience, and sell them as I best can to suit my own interest—aw, yes, damme! I like these conscience scruples.



*Several Citizens.* Go on, Colonel.

A fine boy and girl about twenty-six years old, separate or together.

One lot of five, two boys and three girls, separate or together.

A fine Quadroon girl, sixteen years old, warranted chaste, a member of the Methodist church—good sempstress; a fine fancy girl for a single gentleman.

*4th Citizen.* Aw! damme, yes, or a married gentleman either.

One likely girl, nineteen years old, and her child, eighteen months, singly or together.

A fine lot of nine, consisting of a boy and girl about forty-five, and seven children ranging from twenty years old to six—singly or together.

One boy sold to pay his jail fees.

*Colonel.* A fine opportunity gentlemen—but come, the mint is waiting us, and the hour of sale is at hand. (All drink and retire.)

SCENE 2.—*An auction stand—lots of slaves near by in a pen.*

*Auctioneer Mammon.* Here, gentlemen, I offer you as fine a company of hands, as ever was offered for sale any where. There are thirty-five in all. Examine for yourselves, gentlemen. The oldest of them are as hale and strong as common boys at forty. They have never been over-worked, or under-fed. They are in fine health, all of them. From a tenderness in the present

owner's conscience, they must be sold together, that in the exchange of masters, there may be no separation of families. What do you offer apiece for them, and take the lot. \$150 did I hear? Why, gentlemen this is too bad. I could select a dozen from the lot, that would fetch more money if offered singly.

*A Citizen.* Aw! yes, damme! but they are to be sold together.

What do I hear for them? \$200 apiece is offered—they are positively worth \$500 apiece, taken together; and whoever buys them for any thing less, will make just so much on his purchase. What do you say, gentlemen? \$225 is offered. Do you advance from this? 240 is offered. Do you wait here? It isn't half their value. 250 did I hear? 250—going at 250. 275? going at 275. 280 did I hear? 280 then—going at \$280. Well done; 300 apiece is offered. Whoever buys them at this price will clear at least five thousand dollars by the bargain. Do I hear another bid? They must be sold for what is offered, be it more or less. going at \$300 apiece. Are you all done? Going—gone. Colonel Waugh takes the lot, and makes at least five thousand by the bargain.

*Citizen.* Yes! aw, damme, the Colonel has made a speck, this time.

*Mammon.* Here, gentlemen, I offer the finest boy and girl, I ever saw paired, without any exception. The boy stands six feet seven inches, with his shoes off, and the girl five feet eleven—look at their graceful proportions—no superfluous flesh—solid muscle—they are about twenty-six years old—alone or together—what

am I offered for them? \$350 for the girl. I am offered \$350 for the girl. Well, we'll sell her first. \$400 is offered—not half her value. She is well acquainted with all kinds of household affairs—washing, ironing, mending—is a first rate cook. What say you gentlemen? \$450 did I hear? going at 450. Why gentlemen, it is scarcely half her value. Warranted every way healthy—is of an unblemished moral character—can be trusted to any extent with perfect safety. \$500 is offered. Going at 500,—she is a member of the Presbyterian church, in good and regular standing. \$600 is offered for her. Going at 600. Have you all done? 650 is offered. Will you advance from this? 675, 675—going at 675. Is this your last offer? \$700 did I hear? I am offered seven hundred dollars for this prime girl.—It is not far from two-thirds of the real value for such a girl. Have you all done? Going at seven hundred dollars. Going—going—gone, at seven hundred dollars. Colonel Perkins takes her. What say you now for the boy? Six hundred did I hear? I am offered six hundred dollars for this fine boy. A good beginning for a common hand, but nothing for this boy. I am offered six hundred and fifty. Look at his proportions, gentlemen; he is certainly equal to two common hands. Seven hundred is offered. Seven fifty—going for seven fifty; perfectly frank and honest, gentlemen, can be trusted in any matter with entire safety. Eight hundred dollars is offered. Do you stand here? He is a first-rate mechanic—carpenter. Eight fifty is offered—going at eight hundred and fifty dollars. Nine hundred is offered; nine hundred—going at nine hun-

dred. He is in good standing in the Presbyterian church. One thousand dollars is offered for him. Going at one thousand dollars. Is this the last call?—Twenty-five did I hear? Ten hundred and twenty-five dollars are offered for him. Do you stop here? (At this point the slave is seen watching with the intensest anxiety the bidders, becoming more calm when Col. Perkins leads the bids.) Ten hundred and fifty are offered—going at ten hundred and fifty. Have you all done? Twenty-five did I hear? Ten hundred and seventy-five dollars are offered. Is this the last offer? Going for ten hundred and seventy-five dollars. Five? Ten eighty is offered—going at ten hundred and eighty dollars. Five? Ten eighty-five—going at ten hundred and eighty-five dollars. Shall I hear another bid? Ten did I hear? Ten hundred and ninety-five dollars is offered for this rare boy. Have you all done? Shall I hear eleven hundred offered? Eleven hundred. Good, gentlemen, going at eleven hundred. Do you advance from this? All done? Going at eleven hundred. Going—gone, at eleven hundred dollars, and a good bargain at that. Maj. Bliss takes the boy. (At this point the man rushes from the stand, casting aside with his powerful arm the officers that attempt to stop his progress, till he places himself beside his weeping wife. In a gentle voice he says to her—Julia, they shall not separate us alive; then, turning to his pursuers, says in a determined manner)—This woman is my wife. Almighty God has joined our hearts, our happiness, our lives, and no man shall separate us alive. Now, take your choice—we go and serve together, or, this hour

ends our service. (Maj. Bliss aside to Col. Perkins.) He seems determined and furious; I can't afford to risk the reducing of him by force. Will you sell! or buy?

*Col. Perkins.* We'd better arrange it some how; let's draw lots for choice, to say whether we will buy or sell at costs.

*Maj. Bliss.* It's done—draw away—you have it Colonel.

*Col. Perkins.* I'll take the two.

*Maj. Bliss.* All right, tho' I am sorry to lose so fine a fellow. (Col. Perkins sends the noble pair away.)

*Mammon.* Here, gentlemen, I offer you a prime lot of boys and girls, all from one stock—two boys and three girls. We shall sell them together, if we can get anything near their value offered in that shape—if not, we shall sell them separately. First then by the lot—what do you offer apiece for them? Two hundred dollars. Two hundred dollars apiece is offered for them; this will do to begin with. Two fifty did I hear? Two fifty—going for two fifty. Seventy-five? Two seventy-five—going for two seventy-five. Three hundred apiece is offered. Not more than two thirds their value. What do you say gentlemen? Three twenty-five is offered—going at three twenty-five. Three fifty. Going at three fifty. All done? Going at three hundred and fifty dollars apiece. Three seventy-five did I hear? Do you stop here? It is not near their value, but we wish not to separate them if it can be avoided. Three eighty is offered for them—have you all done? Five. Three eighty-five is offered. Going at three hundred and eighty-five dollars apiece. Shall I hear

anything farther from you? Four hundred apiece. Very well done,—going for four hundred dollars apiece; is this your stopping place? Going at four hundred dollars apiece. Have you all done? Going—gone. Dea. Souldrivver has them. (Attendants take them away.)

*Auct. Letcher.* Now, gentlemen, we offer you a rare chance. What can be found short of a Circassian that will compare in beauty with this Quadroon girl. She is sixteen years old, has had vast pains bestowed upon her training in all manner of nice needle-work, besides being well acquainted with all kinds of ordinary household duties. She is warranted entirely chaste. See, gentlemen, what a fine head of light auburn hair is here, (stroking it with his hand.) Did you ever see a finer turned ancle than that? (Lifts up her clothes to show her ancle,—she covers her face with her hands and sobs and weeps.) Look, gentlemen, did you ever see a more voluptuous bosom? (Squeezes it—her sobbing and crying increase.) See how modest she is, gentlemen? What am I offered for this beautiful girl? One thousand dollars? I am offered one thousand dollars for her. One thousand dollars. Fifteen hundred did I hear? Fifteen hundred. Going at fifteen hundred. There isn't a fancy girl in the state that will compare with her, either in grace and elegance of person, or extent of accomplishment. Two thousand dollars is offered for her. Do you stop here? Twenty-one hundred. Going at twenty-one hundred. It can't rest here. Twenty-two hundred is offered. Twenty-two hundred.—Three did I hear? Twenty-three hundred is offered

for her. Going at twenty-three hundred. Twenty three hundred and fifty is offered. Going at twenty-three hundred and fifty. Twenty-four hundred.—Twenty-four hundred, twenty-four hundred, going at twenty-four hundred. Have you all done? Twenty-five hundred did I hear? Twenty-five hundred. I see gentlemen that you begin to appreciate the merits of the case. Do you advance from twenty-five hundred? Twenty-five? twenty-five, twenty-five, fifty, fifty, fifty. Twenty-five hundred and fifty dollars is offered for this beautiful girl. Is this the last call? Twenty, twenty-five, twenty-five, fifty, fifty, fifty, fifty. I am offered twenty-six hundred dollars for this lovely girl. Shall I hear another bid? Going at twenty-six hundred dollars. Have you all done? Twenty-six hundred dollars. Is this the last call? Twenty-seven hundred. That's it, gentlemen, going at twenty-seven hundred dollars. Twenty-seven hundred, going, at twenty-seven hundred. All done? Twenty-seven hundred and going,—we are getting into pretty high latitudes I confess, and I will not hurry the sale, yet we can't delay very long. Does any one advance from twenty-seven hundred dollars for this rare girl? I will not go over with her accomplishments, again, for I see that they are appreciated; and as for her charms, they speak for themselves. Have you all done? Going at twenty-seven hundred dollars. Going—going—gone. Esq. Pincney, Jr. has her at twenty-seven hundred dollars, a rare chance at that. (She is handed over to the purchaser—weeping and trembling in a most frightful manner, shrinking from him in the greatest horror.)

*Letcher.* Now, gentlemen, we offer you a fine girl, nineteen years old, with a lusty cub of eighteen months—she promises well for a breeder—you can raise some fine stock, gentlemen, from this wench, only give her a likely boy for a mate. What say you for one or both? Three hundred and fifty is offered for the girl. Well, we'll sell the wench first. What say, gentlemen? Four hundred is offered; four hundred, four hundred; do you advance from four hundred. Twenty-five, twenty-five, twenty-five, fifty, fifty, fifty, going for four hundred and fifty dollars. Shall I hear another bid? Twenty-five? twenty-five, twenty-five. Four hundred and seventy-five dollars is offered for her. Will you advance from this? Twenty-five? I am offered five hundred dollars for this likely wench. Going at five hundred dollars. Have you all done? Going—going—gone. Mr. Rankin has her at five hundred dollars. Now then, gentlemen, what say you for the cub? (The mother clings wildly to the child as it is taken from her arms and placed upon the stand.) Twenty-five dollars is offered for it. Going at twenty-five dollars. Thirty is offered. Thirty dollars—have you all done? Thirty-five? thirty-five. Going at thirty-five. Forty. I am offered forty dollars for this lusty boy. Forty-five, going at forty-five—have you all done! Fifty. Fifty is offered—going at fifty. Going—going—gone, at fifty dollars. Mr. Hallett has him. (The mother, who had been watching intently the bidders, rushes forward and seizes the child, holding it convulsively in her arms.)

*Letcher.* Take away that sniveling jade. (They tear the child from her by main strength, and as the mother,



frantic with grief, pursues them, she is prostrated by a blow from a heavy whip.)

*Slave mother.* (Rising.) O cruel massa take away leetle piccaninny!

*Mammon.* Here, gentlemen, we offer you a prime lot of nine boys and girls; what do you say for them?

*Slave mother.* O cruel massa take away the leetle piccaninny!

*Mammon.* Take away that brawling wench. (They draw her off the ground raging in despair.) What say you, gentlemen, for this prime lot of nine? Three hundred dollars apiece is offered. Three hundred, three hundred—going for three hundred. Three fifty? Three fifty is offered. Will you advance from this? It is scarcely half their real value. What say you, gentlemen? Twenty-five? twenty-five, twenty-five. Three seventy-five is offered. Going at three hundred and seventy-five dollars. Have you all done? Four hundred is offered. Going at four hundred. Twenty-five. Four hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece is offered for them. Is this the last call? Going for four hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece. All done? Five did I hear? Four thirty is offered; four thirty, four thirty—going for four thirty. Thirty-five. Four thirty-five is offered—going for four thirty-five. Four forty; going for four forty. Have you all done? Five did I hear? Four forty-five, four forty-five—going for four forty-five. Four fifty is offered—going at four fifty. Will you advance from this? Going at four hundred and fifty dollars apiece. Are you all done? Going—going—gone. Col. Hamilton has them at four hundred

and fifty dollars apiece. (Attendants take them away.) Hand along that straggler; here, boy, jump up upon the stand, and let's see if you will bring enough to pay the expenses of your imprisonment?

*Warren.* (To himself—I'll get up upon the stand that I may better address the people.) Gentlemen, I am a native born citizen of Massachusetts; I never was, nor will I ever be a slave.

*Mammon.* (Striking him on the mouth.) Hold your prating, you scurvy lout. What say for him, gentlemen?

*Warren.* (In a full and manly voice.) I was born at the very foot of the battle-ground on Bunker's hill.

*Mammon.* I am offered a hundred and fifty dollars for him. (Warren—my grandfather fell ——)

*Calhoun.* (At the elbow of the auctioneer.) Knock him off, sir—knock him off. (Warren—my grandfather was slain in defence of liberty, at the battle of Bunker's hill.)

*Mammon.* Going—gone. Dea. Souldriver has this brawling cur at one hundred and fifty dollars. (They seize Warren, holding their hands upon his mouth, and take him by main force away.) (Scene closes.)

## ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*A Prison. Warren alone walking his cell.*

*Warren.* Merciful God! what I most feared has indeed come upon me. I am sold as a slave? Can I be a slave? can I crouch and cower before a man, whose wickedness I am in duty bound to rebuke? Never, never, God helping me. Yet I am sold for such; sold for a hundred and fifty dollars. Sold legally in the land of my birth, the land of my pride and love! O my country, how have I loved thee! how *do* I love thee. Yet, from my childhood I have known, that in this land, men, women, and children were bought and sold like cattle. I thought that I had some conception of its horrors, that I hated the accursed system; that my thought, my word, my life, were all given against it. Now the steel enters my own soul, and I feel how inadequate were my former conceptions of its nature, how tame my word! how dead my life! Ah! who, not having tasted, can conceive of its horrors? Often in my childhood have I knelt by my father's side upon the very spot where the illustrious Warren poured out his heart's blood for liberty, and consecrated myself to the same glorious cause—vowed eternal hostility to slavery. On that very spot, too, fell my own grandfather. His progenitors had been owned by the Warren family; my grandfather was given to Joseph. But the gushing fountain of liberty in his great heart

forbade him to hold any man as a slave. He freely acknowledged the right of my grandfather to equal liberty with himself; and by this act of justice forever attached him to his person and interests. At all points of duty and danger he was ever ready. On the morning of the 17th of June he was early at his general's side. He watched his motions, carried his orders, dealt death shots at the foe, and when his beloved friend and general fell, covered with wounds, and faint from loss of blood, he stood unmoved by the fallen hero. He heeded not the advance of the British column; and when the soldiers were about to finish the wounded general, he threw himself upon them, sheathed their bayonets in his own body, and died upon the bosom of the expiring hero. There, too, was my father, an eye witness, and though a mere stripling of twelve years, a participant in the dangers and toils of that dreadful day; himself wounded, indeed, and only saved from death by the prompt compassion of a British officer for his tender years. Is it strange, then, when this child came to man's estate, and had a son born to his fond embrace, that his name was Joseph Warren? What wonder that he should have taken the child, times without number, to the hallowed spot, whose very greenness testified to the preciousness of the blood there poured out for liberty, to recount to him the glorious deeds of that trying day! What wonder that my father demanded a pledge, a vow, from his son, of faithfulness to liberty! What wonder that the child gave this pledge, vowed this vow, from a full and generous heart! Merciful Heavens! can that child bow his

neck to slavery? most loathsome chattelism? Can he crouch and cower beneath the gaze of a man? Never, never, God helping him. Yet is he sold for such; sold for the paltry sum of one hundred and fifty dollars! and a dear bargain at that for the buyer. Sold under the laws of that land, for whose liberty his forefathers poured out, and freely too, their heart's blood. Ah! this is the bitterest ingredient in this bitter portion. O my country! my country! *my* blood also shalt thou have in defence of that great liberty which thy noble children sought of old. Did my fathers willingly empty their hearts for the liberty of the land that gave them birth, and shall a drop of that blood ever creep through the veins of a slave? No, it shall not be. Yes, the government that grew out of that terrible day at Bunker's Hill, now sells the descendants of the men, who there fought for liberty, into perpetual slavery? O Massachusetts! where is the spirit that could not brook a three-penny tax? Shall a descendant of the man who covered the dying body of thy most favored hero with his own perforated bosom, be sold at public auction as a slave? Shall the same weapons that there struck down the British power now be turned against the weak and defenceless, to force them into a "bondage one hour of which is fraught with more horrors than whole ages of that, which our fathers rose in rebellion against!"

Just God! what were all the wrongs of all the colonies from their first settlement, up to the time when Warren fell, compared with those now visited upon my single head by this country of my love! They are

nothing in comparison. Shall a few paltry taxes weigh against a man's liberty, his manhood? the sun-dering ruthlessly of all the ties of nature, of husbands and wives, of parents and children, of brothers and sisters? Yet what are my sufferings and wrongs but a drop in the ocean of suffering and wrong, which now flows over the millions of slaves in this land? Merciful God, deal not with this people according to their deserts. Destroy them not with a sudden overthrow, but grant them yet opportunity to turn away from their great iniquity and live. Ah me! how has blood-stained liberty ever mocked the high hopes of mankind! Implements of death and "garments rolled in blood" are the fit attendants of tyranny. They are needful to enforce the wrong. But they tarnish a holy cause when brought to its defence. Armed men and wide-mouthed cannon are no allies of liberty. They are the natural and only defence of tyranny, and liberty is always in danger when they are found in her hand. The very bayonets that broke the British yoke, now force a yoke upon a number of God's children equal to the colonists at the time of the Revolution, whose little finger is thicker than the loins of that British thralldom; while the mighty power of simple truth, brought home to the heart and conscience of that same British people, has taken off the chains from eight hundred thousand human beings without shedding a drop of blood! How glorious and blessed are the triumphs of truth! Let no man, henceforth, who would break the cruel yoke of oppression, and carry mankind forward to rational and permanent liberty, ever be found with an implement of death

in his hand. But with right in his cause, with truth in his head, and love in his heart, let him marshal the hosts of living souls, and do battle fearlessly and manfully with the wrongs of the world. He is then mighty to conquer, and truly glorious in victory; and even in present defeat is not defeated. If blood must be shed, let it be done by tyrants and their minions. Let it be the blood of earnest and loving martyrs. Let liberty, unspotted with the touch of blood, as she descends from the bosom of God to the heart of every man, walk with her votaries to triumph. Blessed Jesus! when will men understand thy philosophy of love, thy great loving heart! When will men cease to clothe themselves with thy name, while they cleave to slavery and wrong, and to the violence by which they are maintained? Oh my God, strengthen my heart for the trying hour. (He pauses and covers his face with his hands.) Ah! how does this silent hour of midnight and this aching head, bring to me thoughts of home! my home! Alas! I now feel that I have seen it and felt its joys for the last time. Poor Aurelia! thy cares will be great, thy labors severe; yet I feel that in choosing death to slavery, I have thy loving and cordial approbation. Dear children, will ye not respond with one voice, Our father never can for an instant be a slave! Yes, yes, I feel that in this choice I have the approbation of those most near my heart, and who will most feel my absence from earth. I see clearly how I might save my life. By feigning submission, by affecting stupidity, by cringing and hypocrisy, I might gain upon the confidence of my purchaser, and so, in

fine, find means of escape. Ah! how seductive and enchanting is the thought, while I forget the price. I can easily see how one born under this accursed system, having his soul crushed out of him from the beginning, might innocently resort to such means to effect his escape, or even be found satisfied with his condition. But how can a man born in freedom, nourishing and cherishing it from his very infancy, and made free, too, by the living Christ within him—how can he bow down his head, cringe and cower before the being whom he feels in duty bound to reprove for his iniquities? No, no, this cannot be. The Christian may love his enemies, he may bless them that curse him, he may do good to them that hate him; nay, he *must* do these things, or he is no Christian; but he may not cover his soul with a mass of hypocrisy; he may not cringe and cower before a fellow worm; he may not deny his God by obeying man, even to save his life. Whatever else the enlightened Christian must do, he must not become a slave! How could I meet my most beloved ones with my life preserved at such a price? Ah! how could I meet my God, in whose hands are body and soul? God has given those who joyfully suffer for the truth's sake, abundant assurance that he will take care of their concerns, be a father to the fatherless, and the widow's strength, but no promise to bless hypocrisy and man-serving, for whatever purpose they may be resorted to. O, my Father, loving and gracious, strengthen me for the duty that lies before me, that whether in life or death, I may glorify thy name and truth. Help me, O Father, to preserve unsullied the



liberty which thou hast given to all human souls, as a part of the great boon of existence. (He remains silent a few moments, and then lying down upon his straw, soon falls asleep. His wife and children, as shadowy forms in a dream, come to him, kiss him, embrace him.)

*Warren.* (Awaking, scarcely remembering where he is.) Where am I? Did not my wife and children leave me a moment since? (His chain rattles as he attempts to rise.) Ah! I begin to feel! this chain reminds me where I am. It was a dream, a vision rather. Bolts and bars cannot shut out God, or the sweet comfort of friends. How do the blessed angels minister to the joys of them who suffer for righteousness' sake. How tender and loving were their embraces! How cheerful their countenances! How soft and touching their words of cheer! All had the same word to say at last, "Be ye faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life." Yes, I accept this sweet vision of home, as a divine sanction of my determination to die, rather than be one moment a slave. This gives strength. If God be for me, who shall be against me? (A rattling of the bolts.) Some one comes—my hour approaches.

*Turnkey and Souldriver.* Come boy, wake up here, it is time for you to join your fellows. (They all go out.)

## ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*In Dr. Smythe's dining room, where the slaves are collected for religious exercises. Time, Sunday, 25th of December.*

*Dr. S.* It is a great glory and crowning excellence of Christianity, that it speaks with authority to all classes of men. The word of God speaks with a plainness that the most ignorant servant can understand, and with an authority that every master and mistress will do well to obey. Servants, be obedient to your own masters—not only to the good and pious, but to the froward and evil also. This is your duty. This do, and ye shall live. God has placed you entirely in our power, and it is your duty to obey your masters and mistresses as God to you. God will punish you severely, even with everlasting burning in hell, if you are unfaithful to your masters and mistresses. Then God bestowed upon you rich and precious privileges in the pious counsel and religious instruction which they give you to help you on your way to heaven. I have called you together this morning to explain to you the interest which you have in the Son of God, whose birth angels announced more years ago than any of you can count. He came to save the souls of poor black men, as well as rich white men. You insure your salvation by being perfectly obedient and faithful to your masters and mistresses. This morning I wish to instruct you in any matter which you desire instruction upon.

You have often heard me read the word of God, and I will now explain to you any passage that may rest on any of your minds.

*Sampsey.* Wid massa plees 'splain what de word ob God say 'bout doing to others as we would hab them do to us?

*Dr. Smythe.* Where did you hear that read, Sampsey? I never read such word to you.

*Sampsey.* O no, massa, you rede, serbants be obedient to our massas. But Sampsey heern it read somewhere, and it rest on he mind and trouble him; so he thought he ax massa 'bout it.

*Dr. S.* Well Sampsey, I am sorry that anybody should read to servants those portions of the word of God that are above their comprehensions; but as you have heard it, and it troubles your weak mind, I will do what I can to set your mind at rest upon the subject. If it had pleased God, Sampsey, to make you a white man, and give you black slaves, why, you would wish them to be obedient, and industrious, and honest, would you not, Sampsey?

*Sampsey.* Why, yes, massa, s'pose so.

*Dr. S.* Well then, Sampsey, as it has pleased God to make you a black slave, he expects you to be faithful to your master, industrious, honest, and contented.

*Sampsey.* O massa! dis bery plain; dis not 'bove poor brack man nonprehension. It berry good word ob God, massa!

*Dr. S.* Yes, Sampsey, it is indeed a blessed word of God, especially to the poor black man. Now Nelly, strike up my favorite hymn.

(Several sing.)

O ! blessed word ob God,  
Dat bring salbation down  
To us poor blind and wicked souls,  
And offers us a crown.

Lord wash our darkened souls  
In thy most precious blood ;  
And so prepare us for de time  
When we shall pass de flood.

Help us in word and deed  
Our duty to fulfill,  
By serbing massa faithfully,  
And doing all his will.

Thus shall thy blessing come  
To every faithful slave ;  
And when our work on earth be done,  
Our souls in heaven doul't save.

*Dr. Smythe.*—Now go and prepare yourselves for  
the house of God.

SCENE 2.—*The interior of a church, with congregation  
seated in worship.*

*Dr. Smythe.* Let us commence the solemnly delightful  
worship of God by singing to his praise the following  
hymn :

This is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own ;  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.

To-day he rose, and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise;  
The highest heavens in which he reigns  
Shall give him nobler praise.

(They sing.)

*Dr. S.* Let us pray. Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we would prostrate our souls in the dust before thee. The heavens are unclean in thy sight, and thou dost charge thy angels with folly. How then shall we, poor worms of the dust, who are of yesterday, and know nothing, presume to come before thy awful majesty. It is only through Jesus Christ, the eternal Son, whose infinite merits made satisfaction for us, that we may presume to approach the mercy-seat. This shall shield us from the just indignation and wrath which are our due for violations of a holy law. O grant that we may know more of this atoning blood! Help us to see that all the goodness of man is as filthy rags. Help us on this day, which at once brings to our minds, the lowly birth, the perfect humiliation of the Son of God, as well as his glorious resurrection and ascension to the right hand of the Majesty on high, to right conceptions of him. Pour down upon us copious showers of divine grace, that our stony hearts may be subdued, our darkened minds enlightened, and our stubborn wills made to bow.

O Lord, bless our beloved country, and give her victory over all her adversaries. Bless the Union of these States, that secures peace, safety and tranquillity in all our borders. Let thy wisdom and grace rest upon the President of the United States, and all those associated with him in administering the laws of the nation. Let

thy wisdom, which is profitable to direct, be with the Congress of the United States, State Legislatures, the judges of the courts of justice, the overseers of learning throughout the land, and all the friends of this glorious Republic. And especially, O God, let thy best gifts and graces be upon our beloved and glorious State of South Carolina. Give permanence and strength to her prosperity; let her domestic institutions, with all their beauty and power be under thy special care. They are made reverent by patriarchal example, and rendered sacred by confirmation of holy Writ. Lord, secure them to us and our children to the latest posterity.

O Lord, we bring to thy altar, our servants and those whom thou hast given us as thou didst to thy servants of old, to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. O Lord, bless them with thy grace, that by faithfulness to their masters and mistresses in this life, they may, in the world to come, secure the salvation of their most precious souls.

O Lord, send thy terrible rebuke and swift destruction upon those sons of Belial who are laboring to destroy our most sacred domestic rights,—who are striving to set up those whom thou hast appointed to serve, and to introduce confusion and bloodshed into thy precious heritage. Let them be destroyed, utterly cut off, and that right early.

Holy Lord God Almighty, let thy blessing rest upon the exercises of thy people this day in thy sanctuary! May souls be turned from darkness to light, from the power of satan unto God, and the praise and glory shall

be thine, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.

We will continue the worship of God, by again singing to his praise :

" The true Messiah now appears ;  
The types are all withdrawn :  
So fly the shadows and the stars  
Before the rising sun.

Aaron must lay his robes away,  
His mitre and his vest,  
When God himself comes down to be  
The offering and the priest—

The book our mortal flesh to show  
The wonders of his love ;  
For us he paid his life below,  
And prays for us above."

Your attention is desired this morning to a consideration of that portion of the holy word which is recorded in the 4th chap. of St. Luke's Gospel, and the 18th verse.

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor,—he hath sent me to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind,—to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

No theme is better calculated to fill the devout mind with astonishment, awe and delight, with grateful reverence and humble trust, than the contemplation of the nativity of Christ—the humiliation of the second person in the God-head. When we see him a feeble child, born in a manger, carried off in disguise to avoid the

fury of Herod, and remember that he is the Creator of the world, and that this humiliation was made in order to raise such vile sinners as we are to a place among them that are sanctified, surely, in amazement, we may well cry out with the Psalmist, "what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him." This is a subject which even the angels desire, and doubtless, delight to look into, which has often afforded a theme of grateful contemplation to the saints on earth. On this day it is peculiarly appropriate. We might well spend the hour in contemplation of this glorious theme.

The text, however, rather turns our thoughts towards the mighty results which divine wisdom designed to accomplish, by this humiliation of the Son of God—for which he took upon him the form of a servant and became obedient unto death—even the death of the cross.

Christ quotes the words of the text from Isaiah and applies them to himself. He was the great anointed. The spirit of the Lord was upon him, for he himself was Lord of heaven and earth. He was anointed to preach the gospel to the poor. The term poor, here means all mankind. All are spiritually poor till Christ's righteousness makes them rich. The gospel is glad tidings,—glad tidings, truly, to lost and hell-deserving sinners to know, that a way of escape is provided for them. Yes, all who believe and are baptized shall be saved; but they who reject the Lord's anointed, shall be punished with a terrible overthrow—even with everlasting burning in the lake of fire and brimstone.

Christ came to deliver the captives. All sinners are



captives to the devil—he leads them about at will, and makes them do his work of wickedness in the earth. Christ is the great deliverer from this thralldom of all that believe on him ; he becomes the captain of their salvation, as the devil formerly was of their damnation.

But since the spirit and aim of the gospel are well calculated to overturn all unjust governments, to deliver men from unrighteous servitude, and establish free institutions like our own glorious government of the United States, it is proper for us here to consider some explanations and discriminations necessary to a proper understanding of the subject.

We are to remember that the descendants of Ham were appointed of God to perpetual servitude. It is God's appointment, and, under the circumstances of the case, a very merciful one. The blasting fury of God's displeasure so rested upon Ham, that his posterity are utterly unable to take proper care of themselves, and must have utterly perished, had not God in compassion appointed their brethren to take care of them in all generations. They are dependent upon their more enlightened brethren for care and those directions needful to supply their wants ; and, of course, the pittance of service which they are able to render ought freely to be rendered, seeing it is impossible for them to discharge a tithe of the obligation that they are under to their masters and mistresses for their care and attention about them. The breaking of every yoke, then, does not refer to their temporal condition, seeing there is no improper yoke placed upon them. And yet the gospel has in

store rich blessings for the children of Ham, as we shall in due time show.

Many, however, of the descendants of Shem and Japhet are in servitude. Kings and priests, emperors and popes keep them in darkness, and trample the rights of man in the dust. From all such oppression Christ will eventually deliver the world. The blinded multitudes shall have their eyes anointed with the true eye-salve and see—see that God created all men free and equal; and endowed them all with inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These monarchies, temporal and spiritual, must fall—must fall to rise no more. God send them a speedy and utter overthrow. Yes, the bruised ones shall be set at liberty. The acceptable year of the Lord shall come, when the glorious laws and institutions of South Carolina shall fill the whole earth with blessedness. Pray for this day, beloved saints of the Lord! pray earnestly and without ceasing that it may right speedily come.

And now let me address a few words to the servants—the poor children of Ham whom I see before me. Be encouraged, be encouraged O ye weak and feeble ones; the Lord has good things in store for you also. You sometimes think, it may be, that yours is a hard lot; now it is the weakness of your minds that makes you think so; just think of the goodness of God in placing you in your weak condition, under the care of wise and pious masters and mistresses, who will see that you are provided with food and clothing. They are your enemies—the devil in disguise, who would persuade you that any other situation can afford you so much happiness.

Let me then explain to you the deliverance which Christ brings to you, and the conditions upon which it may be obtained. Your precious souls, by the sin of your great progenitor Ham, became exposed to the awful penalties of a burning hell—the lake of fire and brimstone, where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched,—and this, not for a year, a hundred years, a million years, but to all eternity. Now Christ offers you deliverance from this awful situation. Do any of you wish to know how you may escape such a doom,—be translated into the regions of heavenly delight when you die? Let me tell you. It is by being faithful to your masters and mistresses here; by serving them faithfully; by being contented and happy in the condition which a wise Providence has assigned you, never thinking or caring about getting away from your present condition. He who seeks to change his present situation, who thinks about freedom, does it at the peril of his precious soul. These thoughts of liberty, which spring up in your minds, are the suggestions of the devil, who is seeking to get your souls to torment in hell forever. Be faithful then, to your masters and mistresses, avoid all thoughts of freedom, which is a state unfit for you, and God will save your precious souls from hell, and take them to himself in heaven when you die.

Great and glorious, beloved brethren, are the triumphs of the gospel to bond and free, rich and poor, high and low. I exhort you all to make your calling and election sure by turning to him with all your hearts. To-day if ye hear his voice, harden not your hearts. Amen.

I will give notice that the holy sacrament of the Lord's supper will be administered here this afternoon, and all members of sister churches are most cordially invited to participate in the holy rite.

Now, may the grace of God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, be with you all forever. Amen.

SCENE III.—*Street; Negroes going from Church.*

*Sampsy.* Well Bob, my boy, how you like de scource to-day? Did it edfy de soul in the good lub of God, and make you lub your bessted sitation, Bob? hey, boy?

*Bob.* Aw! Sampsy, me want ax de massa preacher what he do wid the poor debel who half Ham and tother half Japhet—let him be massa part and slave part, hey Sampsy, what you tink ob dat?

*Sampsy.* Aw! Bobby, dat preacher be ob de debel. He no preach de gospel. De gospel say dat dare be no difference in Christ Jesus between barbarian or Scythian, Jew or Gentile,—it say nothing bout de poor, weak children of Ham. Old Billy, what make you look so sober, boy! de preacher say you go to heben, Billy, if you lub your place, Billy, and be faithful to massa.

*Billy.* Aw! Sampsy, old Billy sad to tink on de bad heart he hab. Massa preacher say de debel put it in our hearts to tink of freedom, Sampsy, and old Billy been tinkin ob him ebber since he leetle boy.

*Sampsy.* Poh! Billy, that massa preacher no good. He no read the word ob God right, Billy. Good old preacher Nat learn Sampsy to read the word ob God himself, Billy. De word ob God say—where de spirit of de Lord be, there be liberty, Billy; but dis massa

preacher say where de spirit of de debble be dare the lub of liberty. Who tink tell the truth, Billy, massa preacher, or great massa God?

*Billy.* Oh! Sampsy, dese tings trouble old Billy,—Billy's hart lub God and lub man, lub massa, lub ebry body, Sampsy. Billy want to go to heben; he lub to tink bout heben as place where freedom be plenty. Den it puzzle Billy to know what make de debble put it in Billy's hart to tink so much bout freedom here. Old Billy long for leetle taste aforehand, Sampsy.

*Sampsy.* Well, old Billy, cheer up my good boy. Lub God, and lub man, even de vile buckra dat slaves you all your lifetime; tink of freedom as sure in heaven, and (whispering) if you get a good chance, old Billy, take it on earth, and be sure, good Billy, that God will one day make de lying preacher smart in his own brimstone, for de false reading ob his holy word. Good by, Billy.

*Billy.* Good by, good Sampsy; God bless you.

## A C T V.

SCENE I.—*A room in Dr. Smythe's house ; Deacon Souldriver arrived with Slaves.*

*Dea. Souldriver.* I think it is quite time for the morning service to be over. Yes, the Dr. is coming. (Dr. Smythe enters the room.)

*Dr. Smythe.* Ah ! Deacon Souldriver, I am glad to see you returned ; it is our communion this afternoon, and your services will be wanted at church. I know that you would not drive on Sunday unless it were a case of strong necessity.

*Souldriver.* Aw ! yes, Dr., you do me justice by supposing that without strong reasons I would not be about secular matters on God's holy day.

*Smythe.* I hope you have found me some good servants.

*Souldriver.* Aw, yes, Dr., I never saw finer ones, with a single exception ; and here is a letter from a distinguished gentleman in Charleston, which will explain the nature of the case, (hands him a letter.) Dr. (reads) Rev. Judas Smythe, D.D., my very dear sir, your well known ability to reduce to order refractory servants, has led me, as chairman of the committee of safety, to send you the boy Warren, who was sold to pay his prison expenses recently in Charleston. He is doubtless from Massachusetts, as he declares ; and is a fair

illustration of the mischiefs which the institutions of that state work on those, whom God manifestly designed for servitude. He does not appear at all violent or malicious in his disposition, rather the opposite traits seem to characterize him; but his notions of liberty are those of the ruling orders of men, and not such as become the African race. I fear, my dear sir, that he will cause you some trouble, and require more correction than it is pleasant to administer; but relying on your well-known patriotism as well as ardent piety, I have sent him to you, and trust that you will see that no danger or detriment comes to our precious institutions through his instrumentality.

Your ob't serv't, J. C. CALHOUN.

Rev. Judas Smythe, D. D.

Ah! yes, this is a matter of some moment; and I will endeavor to see, that no harm shall come to our glorious state through my neglect. Lead the way, dear Souldriv-er, and I will look at the boys and girls.

*Souldriv-er.* Yes, aw, believe me, Dr., there's a fine lot of them, excepting that scullion from Massachusetts. (They come to the lot of slaves, and the Dr. feels of their muscles and looks at their teeth.)

*Dr. S.* Yes, yes, Deacon, that's a fine looking lot of servants. I am satisfied with your management of this business, and shall avail myself of your services in this way as I have need. Mr. Dawson take these servants to their quarters, and see them provided for. Now Der con, we will see what can be made of the boy fr Massachusetts.

*Souldriver.* Aw ! mind me, Dr., you'll find him as saucy a lout as ever wore a woolly scalp.

*Dr. S.* (Approaching him.) Here, take off his wrists. Unless his looks very much belie him, he's a well disposed boy. (*Souldriver takes off his handcuffs.*)

*Warren.* By your dress, sir, I perceive that you are a minister of religion. May I not, with reason, hope for justice at your hands, in this time of my great extremity ?

*Dr. S.* Boy, stop your prating : if you are obedient and attentive to your duties, you shall be well used, as all my servants are. Mr. Peterson show this boy to his quarters.

*Warren.* Sir, I am a free man by the laws of Massachusetts, as well as the higher law of Almighty God, and I can never be a slave.

*Souldriver.* Aw ! Dr., now you begin to try the mettle of the beast.

*Dr. S.* Dawson put up this boy for fifty cats well laid ; I can't away with the least impertinence or insubordination. It is our communion season this afternoon, Deacon, and so we will go, and leave this saucy boy with Mr. Dawson till after meeting. It grieves me that unruly servants deprive our managers of the privileges of the sanctuary.

*Warren.* (Still attracting the Dr.'s attention.) Will you suffer no redemption ! You have paid your money for me, which I will gladly repay, doubled and trebled, for the permission of returning to my family. I was wholly ignorant of the law under which I suffer until it



fell upon me; all I have would I give for my redemption, but I can never be a slave.

*Dr. S.* Dawson put him up; it matters not where he was born or reared, he bears the mark of Ham upon his brow, whom God appointed to servitude in all their generations; it is not for us to interfere with God's appointments. If his false training in Massachusetts makes it hard for him to bear the condition to which God appoints him, why, the fault is not ours. Dawson, do your duty, sir. (Goes off with Souldriver.)

*Dawson.* Come, my brave old boy, you have bearded the lion in his very den, and 'twill cost you dear I'm thinking. Mr. Peterson, take hold here and help me put up this grizzly boy!

*Warren.* My friends, how can you lend yourselves for hire to do such injustice to a fellow man?

*Dawson.* Shut up, boy, and 'twill be all the easier for you.

*Warren.* I am prepared for the worst, and cannot suffer the guilt upon my own soul, which I feel I should incur, did I not testify to you of the wickedness, and even meanness of the offices which you seem about to perform. I might, you know, avoid this suffering by becoming a slave. This I cannot do. Neither can I, for fear of anything which you can do, refrain from pointing out to you the wrong which you inflict upon your *own* souls by inflicting this wrong upon me.

*Dawson.* Draw up a leetle harder, Peet, so that his toes will just touch the floor. He has given us a brave sermon, by God, while we have been putting him up;

now I'll try my hand at preaching. Give us the cat there Bill; I'll put the old fellow's muscles to the test—(lays on furiously, starting the blood at every stroke.) There, Peet, I've given him half of his compliment, and must say that the old chap is clear game. See if you can start a grunt out of him.

*Warren.* (In a tender yet undaunted voice.) Why will you, for a mere pittance, become the instruments of torture and death to a loving fellow being? I have no fear of what you or any man can inflict upon me; but it does pain me more than your blows, to think upon the wrong which you do yourselves by inflicting it.

*Peet.* By God, Dawson, I'll accommodate you, but upon my word I've no appetite to score this boy; I don't see any devil in his eye to bate me on—(lays on the other 25 lashes.)

*Warren.* Men, I'll not disguise the fact that you have inflicted excruciating pain upon my body, but a loving and pitying heart within me seem much to relieve the pains of my body. Do not turn away from me, come near and look upon my countenance, and there learn that I am your friend.

*Peet.* Dawson, as the job is done, let us be off—his talk fairly unmans me.

*Dawson.* Well, let's go, and leave him to his own reflections, (walking away.) I'm afraid that we haven't seen the worst of this job; he's one of your damned religious fanatics, and don't care any more for the cat than a musquette bite; I couldn't perceive that he flinched a hair in taking that fifty lashes, which would have made a common slave bellow like a Bashan bull.

*Peet.* I wish I was fairly out of the scrape. (They enter the house.)

SCENE II.—*The interior of a Church, with the table spread for administering the sacrament of the Lord's supper.*

*Dr. Smythe.* We are here assembled, beloved christian friends, to celebrate the ordinance of the Lord's supper. This rite is at once solemn, interesting and heart-searching. It commemorates a Saviour's dying love. To those who come to it now, as to the early disciples, it is full of sanctifying influences.

We are informed by the sacred historian that when Christ had eaten the Passover with his disciples, he took bread, and blest it, and gave thanks; and when he had broken it he gave it to his disciples, saying—take, eat, this is my body which is broken for you; eat ye all of it. Let us give thanks.

O God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, we thank thee for the precious gift of a Saviour. We bless thee that thou didst lay help on one that is mighty and able to save all that come unto him. Search us, O Lord, as we come around thy table to partake of the emblems of a dying Saviour, that no unbelief or self-righteousness may cleave to our souls. O! help us to come clothed entirely in the garments which Christ's perfect righteousness throws over us. All our goodness is as filthy rags. O! sanctify us wholly through the great atoning sacrifice, and make us meet for thy heavenly kingdom. Amen. (Breaks up the bread and hands it to Deacons

Souldriver and Slavecatcher, who distribute it among the communicants.) Eat ye all of it—it is the body of Christ which was broken for your sins.

Christ also, on that memorable night, when the powers of darkness were arrayed against the Lord's anointed, took the cup, saying this is my blood of the New Testament which is shed for you. As often as ye do this do it in remembrance of me. Drink ye all of it. So he commands us all to-day. Let us with cheerful hearts obey him. (Pours out the wine and hands it to the Deacons.) And when they had sung an hymn they went out. Let us follow their good example. (Sing.) Sing the 2d Hymn, 3d B., S. M.

Jesus invites his saints  
To meet around his board:  
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold  
Communion with their Lord.

For food he gives his flesh;  
He bids us drink his blood:  
Amazing favor! matchless grace  
Of our descending God.

This holy bread and wine  
Maintain our fainting breath;  
By union in his precious blood,  
And interest in his death.

Now, may the love of God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be with you all forever.

SCENE III.—*Warren alone, tied up.*

*Warren.* O! God, my heavenly Father, my unchanging Friend! in this hour of darkness, shine in

the brightness of thy tender love upon thy weak child. O! strengthen my good purpose, that these fierce pains, careering through my frame like surging billows, may not compel my tongue to utter promises, which my soul refuses to fulfill. O! my Father! fill my heart with thine own loving spirit, that no feeling of hate or revenge may rise up there against these men, who in their ignorance or sin, put me to death. Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do! Dear Father, fulfill thy gracious promise to the fatherless and widow! keep the dear ones in thy grace, and join us again, where no sin or harm can ever reach our joys. O, God! let me intercede with thee for mercy upon this fair land. Delay the judgment due to crimes so foul and monstrous as are daily perpetrated in its borders. O! grant the people not only space, but send them also hearts to work out meet repentance! O! stay the avenging angel, and let not the nation's light be put out in blood! O! let the light of thy truth and love shine upon the minds of all dwelling in the free States, especially; that they may refuse, longer to be the slave-holders of this land. Strengthen them in their resolution to cease from enslaving men, at whatever cost it may be. Lord! send swift deliverance to the pining millions. (remains silent.)

SCENE IV.—*In Dr. Smythe's parlor. Dawson, Peterson, and others, lounging.*

*Dr. Smythe.* (Coming in from the Communion ser-

vice.) Well, Mr. Dawson, how did the boy relish the cat?

*Dawson.* Aye, sir, I know not; but that he bore it as silently as a cat watches a mouse, is quite certain. In filling your order, we were not able to extract so much as a grunt from the praying lout.

*Dr. Smythe.* What! does he pray, Dawson?

*Dawson.* Aye, sir, he prays, and stranger still, for us, and you especially.

*Dr. Smythe.* He is an arch hypocrite and knave, I dare say; sent into these regions to stir up rebellion and discord.

*Peet.* He speaks with a voice of great tenderness; one can scarcely listen to him unmoved.

*Dr. Smythe.* Well, well, we'll see what can be done. Lenity in such a case is the greatest possible cruelty. The least insubordination, works our ruin at once. We must enforce submission, or submit ourselves. Examples are contagious. 'Tis pity Massachusetts's laws and customs should so mislead men. He seems naturally, to have been a boy of fine qualities. He has been spoiled in rearing. The severity of the correction, necessary to bring him to his duty rests on them who have made it necessary, and not on us who are obliged, in our own defence, to inflict it. He must submit; there is no way of escape from this. (Leads the way to Warren.) Well, boy, I hope this chastisement has done a good work for you. Are you now ready to go to your duty?

*Warren.* Ah! now do cruel pains in every joint and

muscle find a lodgment. My heart overflows with anguish! My soul is riven with torture. O! let me speak for myself, from the depths of my sorrows! I can with safety promise you at least, three thousand dollars for my redemption. Will not this suffice? O! then; for you are men, look on your wives, and remember that I've a wife. Look on your children, and know that I too, have children. Look on yourselves, and think how sweet freedom is to you, and remember that I too, have rejoiced in it from my childhood. Be-think you of the great deeds of your fathers to secure the independence of this land, and know that my fathers fought and died by the side of yours in that great struggle. Ah! know that these knees have often bowed in reverence to God, on the very spot where Warren fell, and vowed to yield life itself, rather than sully that glorious boon of God, to every man, and now——

*Dr. Smythe.* And now I'll stop your blabbing, boy! Dawson, hand me the cat. (Lays on furiously, tearing up the clotted blood and flesh at every stroke.) "He that knoweth his Master's will and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes!" Thus saith the Word of God, stubborn boy!

*Warren.* O! merciful Father, let not the terrible retribution which he invokes, fall upon the head of this lost brother! Extend to him, O! forgiving Saviour! that mercy which he withholds from me! I can love him, for he is a man, capable of shining in thy precious image. I do forgive him, for I have tasted of thy for-

giving mercy. I can bless him, for thou hast taught me how to bless them that curse me. But I cannot be his slave. This, thou hast forbidden,—this my soul loathes. Strengthen me, O Lord! in this moment of extremest need. (He faints.)

*Dr. Smythe.* Peet! bring that brine, he wilts a little.

*Peet.* (aside) I'll be damned if I ever saw any thing equal to this before. By God! I have a better appetite for seeing that damned old hypocrite choked, than ever I had for his best turtle soup. Here's the brine, sir.

*Dr. Smythe.* Well, on with it, and let him rest a season, and then we will see if he persists in his wicked obstinacy. (Peet throws on the brine, which brings the sufferer to his senses a little.)

*Warren.* (In a faint voice.) O! my dear God! I thank thee for thy blest Spirit, strengthening me. Thy blessed presence allays the fierceness of these death pains. I come to thee! Thou art with me here, and dost strengthen me to die cheerfully for the right. Thou dost uphold my spirit, and keep it from cowering before a sinful worm. O, God! my heart yearns for the deliverance of this fair land from the foul curse of slavery!—O! God, touch the hearts of the millions of freemen in the land, to withhold their hands from this accursed thing. O! dash in pieces, as a potter's vessel, the unhallowed Union of States, and the foul combination of Churches, by which this monster wrong is upheld. O! my dear God! as the light of earthly life fades away, I seem to catch blessed glimpses of a com-



ing deliverance to the pining millions. O! delay not the rumbling of thy chariot-wheels! (Enter Dr. Smythe, Dawson, Peet, and others.)

*Dr. Smythe.* Well, boy, you have paid dearly for your obstinacy; but I wish to inflict no more blows than are needful to insure obedience. Will you now go to your duty, if taken down?

*Warren.* (In a very feeble voice.) I thank God that my sufferings are nearly past, and from my heart, I forgive those who have inflicted them. I remember, too, as an excuse for these cruel men, that the laws of the land, (O! my country! my country!) sanctions these inflictions! and were they a hundred-fold greater, I would choose them before slavery. Man, (looking at Dr. Smythe.) I cannot be your slave; or by any act or word, acknowledge that you have any right to impose your will upon me. God forgive you this, and all your other sins and crimes, and I know they must be many, and save my country from the foul crime of slavery!

*Dr. Smythe.* What an obdurate heathen! Gentlemen, you hear me, witness that he seeks this suffering. The sin be upon his own head. Dawson, bring me old Tom, let's see what effect his claws will have upon the stubborn lout.

*Peet.* (aside.) This is more than I can stand; it unmans me. Will the hardened old priest murder him outright?

*Dawson.* Here, sir, is old Tom, ready for service. Shall I officiate, sir?

*Dr. Smythe.* No; I will finish this correction myself. He shall yield, or take the consequences. (Takes the cat by neck and tail, and putting his extended claws to Warren's flesh, tears it off, baring the spine and ribs.)

*Dr. Smythe.* What say you now, obdurate child of Ham?

*Peet.* (Coming close to Warren.) He utters something, sir. (All listen.)

*Warren.* O, my dear God! I now come to thee. I have fought a good fight—I have kept the faith, I have found thy grace sufficient for me, and it shall not fail my beloved wife and children. Forgive, I pray thee, these blinded fellow men. Deliver; and that right quickly, the pining millions from slavery. O! let thy good angels attend me through the moment of darkness! Into thy hand I commit my spirit.—(Dies.)

*Dr. Smythe.* Peet, hand some more brine; he flags again.

*Peet.* Aye, sir, I think there's little use, I believe he's past the reach of brine.

*Dr. Smythe.* How, sir! do you stop to question my order?—Dawson, fetch me some brine—I've no more business for you, Mr. Peterson.

*Peterson.* (aside.) And I'm heartily glad of it. I wish that I had had heart enough to refuse thy hellish service before this day's guilt was fastened to my soul.

*Dawson.* Here, sir, is the brine; shall I throw it on?

*Dr. Smythe.* Yes, on with it; let's see whether

there's not some sprawl left in him yet. (Throws on the brine.) I believe he doesn't mind it; I think he's dead. What a mulish creature!

*Dawson.* His head lops, sir; I think he's flunked.

*Dr. Smythe.* Well, give orders to some of the people to bury him during the night, and then come to the parlor; (looking at his watch,) I perceive it is time for evening prayers.

*Dawson.* Ay, ay, sir. (aside,) I think the devil will take uncommon delight in your prayers this evening.







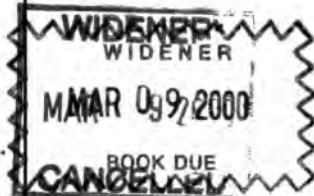




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